

400 YEARS OF JAMESTOWN  
Jim Leftwich

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## **RITE**

crenelations of the cortex notwithstanding, make no mistake, this is a voice inside your head, nothing nearly so transgressive as the surrept of writing. self seized, in lieu of selves this substitute, nor a site to cogitate symmetrical reinstatement, this as each once knelt and opened to being authored.

early on, only to recall is subversion of their self, split and spilt if you follow me so far, later they and we would say schizogenic as liberation. it is only one beginning on the late stage of this endgame, wrapt back across this distance between you and the written you, not that there ever was a you as such, only some others whispering sweet terrors to your synapse. crux easily into crax across unless you insist on still belief, believing in lieu of leaving, to remove the racks at least by the simple spell of spelling, by now you should be ready for a rest against the rest. sweet nothings whispering in our syntax, that old black magic like ink on a virgin sheet...

crenelations of your cortex constructed cages call it culture, pride of the captive and the corpse, protect you from being human being in the world almost a word. no slippage of syntax salvific before such bleak remembrance.

crenelations of our context, then, although denotation is slippery enough, neither warden nor escape in fact, an act of war, too obvious to mention nor better left unsaid. syntax leaks and branches. i already wrote that, shuffled, the sound of the secret palimpsest.

syntax secretes we want to say sense, consensus, all of it is a lie, but try anything once, walking across the room to reach for the telephone, impossible, you can't even call yourself. they ask us (we ignore them) why we hide inside these fictional selves as text. i am telling you now: this is the only readily available proxy of the real. if you know what i mean you don't believe a word.

penetrations of our cortex constructed pages admit culture, omit context, write it yourself is the only message in the medium. this writing, in order to be right, requires internal disorder, written against itself. failures inserted like punctuation to give you pause and time. that is to say space, or at least to mean it, a little space to give you time.

if the written says write (and you're right, it does), then what do you do, during and after reading, to remove this written from your writing?

it won't work. give up now. write the rest of this.

01.04.06

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## **COUNTERFEIT**

infinities, of course, inside each cell, call the naked emperor out, in the privatized prison of language every lock comes with a key. no quarterly culpability can save us from the grinder's switch. we wear the warden's money like a suit of mail, hearts on a sleeveless dress, salvage this stretch of skin beneath a text of naked lights. it was a gamble from the get, go down slow, only one way out as every song has always said. on the surface — in the surface, then, no such sign as the song of a single surface — facets gathered to gamble against us, therefore we awake, to the logic of reading is a human economy so capital is the written. writing is printing money. all capital is counterfeit. only the freshly minted false currency is authentic. i hear you thinking now or soon these thoughts concerning theft. there is no need. death comes disguised as robin hood has given you the bank. give it back to give it up to get on and go down slow. there is an infinity, how so this single infinity, an infinity, then, of infinities, if ever a single one, if not in a single word (no such sentence as a single word), then in each sentence, even if the sentence consists of a

single word. but we were talking about money, how to get out of it less than you put into it before you were even asked, as if anyone is ever asked, such much since once upon the present place and time, therefore we feel compelled to posit theft as gift, to propose a counterfeit currency against quarterly reports. the mind's eye glazes over and the terminal internal text shuts up. we are making progress. this is a quarterly report. slippery does not suffice as surtext to the slough of sense, though that is how it enters the pores of the sacred sensorium, like a snake in the water at twilight while we are singular or absent. self is the sacred myth of science, synonymous with the temple of money, profane alone to utter surfeit against the hoard. but it is so. such much since selves once singled out and serialized against our aggregate, even now a kind of calm or solemn sex, no metaphor to silence the gap and enter us as distance. bought at birth, sold among the wardens for a song, never an inch of silence to seep lure light through open locks. once said, enough since silence paid, an inch of air to enter each sleep and speak. they speak of such canisters toxic with remorse as democracy and morals, money in every cell unto the syrup and slur, since when, crimes due complicit accrual, marching off to golf and war. robin hood, or the myth of a plural self, should suffice to supplant the master narrative, encrypted here as elsewhere, your signature of course required for this infinity of blank checks (not that anyone has ever believed in easter bunny economics). we resurrect marx to reinvent the end of economics. robin hood is the flip side of the coin bearing the mask of santa claus into the new world. expropriation, to mention only the most obvious example, will be convulsive or not at all. even an economy of oppression instantiated in grammatical constructs, thus the recent penchant to take our metafiction straight, is subject to the fractal law of the phase transition.

01.04.06

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## 400 YEARS OF JAMESTOWN

muscles flux and blur. music, next year's edge of a useless avant, as history already soon to be left unsaid, into until undo, uninto united, at outside is no outsider unto another island. what i want, not nearly so grand as a cosm laugh or grin, nor near by lurch truncated fragments bent, so simple as to say i stand, time pent and agile meant. incorporate as if to utter time, body meshed with time as if to utter waking, consciousness meshed with nothing as if to utter annihilation. muscles slur, flex fur and flurry frenzy, pasts agglomerated, no economic metaphor to lineate time spent. brief and fragile, but not segment, even to say moment is to agitate against the body. what you want, as if to wrestle with the lineage of your bodies could decoct such a doodle of salt, to take i might assert at least a timely stand against this text, by fiat tragicomic for aspiring to our failures, staccato comma coda, no thinking past this point. the rules, as always, are elitist and unfair. reading is no response to the written writer, rather a peripheral skirmish in the war between the selves, slaughter in any and every case and a monument to its curse. it's worse than you think. you think (full disclosure: we think) your thinking is medicine, at best most least curse of a cure, but our thinking is your disease, my only prayer so to speak, death and the best batch yet. you don't really think this — do you? i've been thinking about your plight, the curse of the reader let's call it, i've been long-suffering from the surf of a self-similar curse. the story begins, what, six thousand BC or so, bear with me, i'm trying to help, let's start with gutenbergs around the start of the twentieth century. i'll need your help with this. the first plicit surrept was the serf rebellion of 1456. having deconstructed the intersubjective monk-glyph (circa. 1492), muscles floss and blar mucous, serif rebellion circus columbus circle, and ever since weave been reading a circuitous route back home. cosm laugh nor grit ear by business lunch, packed leaving trunk one fragment at a time, body wash with lime and tooth stutter wax, baked corn mash fit for a king.

01.04.06

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## FRAMED

mulch toilet ourselves, thereby commodity sole commode of art, fire sale of souls to the devils in the detail. each one, teach one — once sound advice in the march for civil rights, still such for us yet also for our opponents. the first lesson is about frames. with linguistic frame i implicate vocabulary as obvious culprit not always the usual suspects, as when for example a painted triangle of plywood is nailed to the frame (and/or glued to the canvas) in such a manner as to protrude diagonally six inches beyond the border of the frame. or, even better, a hole cut burned or torn in the canvas itself (cf. shozo shimamoto, 1950). or, from another angle, if you look at wadada leo smith's analysis of the music of miles davis, you see a kind of moving frame — a formula, even, as a set of instructions for the construction of moving frames, or set of moving frames, imbricate frames in motion — or lakoff talking about right-wing focus groups, research and development engines designed to refine the subtleties redefine the distilled duplicitous elixirs to refine the subtleties codes constructed for the manufacture of consent elite agendas, pro-life to oppose and discredit the entire historical spectrum of the women's movement, or affirmative action demonized to serve the same purpose vis-à-vis the civil rights black power anti-slavery anti-genocide all men are created equal pursuit of happiness, even condolezza rice said they didn't include her on two counts. so that's a frame. that's how that works. now outside the frame, from outside the frame we can get a good look at the box, very famous box, it looks a lot like a frame and even a little like a page, or maybe a text box, so-called, a page on a screen, which is a kind of a frame inside a box, all of which we are asked, in the service of the agenda of, of what, the agenda of the framed box, we are asked to think outside this box — and that's a frame, a framing-device, this whole idea of thinking outside the box — so we can think about chicken instead of hamburger and we're thinking outside the box, or we can think about taco bell instead of chicken, a box of chicken from outside the hamburger box, and in the taco shell we are so far outside the box/frame mythos paradigm ideology, that — we go home, let's say, after work. turn on the television, god save us, sell us from ourselves. all the fair fox and balanced out of the box thinking news that's fit to print, collusion of governmental and corporate interests, as mussolini said, or corporatism, cnn such much the

same, one group in the left back pocket of corporate christ, the other in the right back pocket, cue the eight ball, so a modal pattern begins to emerge between the plywood and the lexicon, you can see it right here, a simulacrum, destructing itself as it constructs itself, to return to derrida's original definition, until it's built as it were in advance of the ruins and fragments of its projected components. that's not a frame. it's what i call for lack of more marketable terminology an excremental textfuck. think of mike kelly say twenty years ago, twenty-five years ago, whatever, on stage with sonic youth, some guys throwing up in the mosh pit maybe, teenage sex in the alley, cocaine cut with italian baby laxative (like stealing money from the freedom fighters founding fathers of the new world nicaraguan order, we'll name an airport after him later), and then think of all that happening to a text inside a frame — the religious right doesn't have a prayer against the DIY post-punk neo-contemporary food fight textual ethos. thank you very much. don't come back.

01.04.06

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## **A PRIVATE PIRACY**

read by syncope to red. i don't know that we can still speak honestly of privacy, a contiguous fate for piracy, contingent upon their code of honor and the nostalgia of thieves. nor nose grit somnambulant grid, under the fluted absolute, at page manger madder than the cancerous debts of death. the sequence begins i hate you (aguiar) but later it confesses, i am corrupt. each variegated ligament is debenture to this detour. thus the i hate you has become an oblique commentary on the complexities of love, difficulties of exchange, capital flow chart citadel money changers

currencies of the heart, promiscuity of the commune, mercenaries in abyssinia, some things never change. ditch torpor jagged ogham of a sapient other, gilded duties allure dilate in aftertastes of flesh. never again will anyone think of new orleans as a novel. the afterimage affords our liver its foothold in these folds. blackwater, fresh from rotting in fallujah, walking the streets of the french quarterly report on jazz (or jass, as archie shepp has it, with jelly roll morton hidden behind a screen and light-skinned black women dancing for small change). under utter fantasy the cunning task and the eaten comrade. hats off on the hard time killing floor, now that you got / what you want / don't you want more / want more. however the jagged misdemeanor attaches itself to voice, withholding abject maneuver, love is not that easy. death-dread jeering signs agglomerate dredge and grudge. in any event, the red wheelbarrow was not a love poem. it was a test, experimental poetry in the true sense of the term, a hypothesis about reading tested in the laboratory of the written. death harbors the vitamin likeness until love derails her sweat. it's hard to hate the slippery old medicinal pirate playing in his sandbox like a doctor dissolving bodies. more or less asterisk syntax spelunking in the text. we continue writing his obituary even after our own rigor mortis as indifference has set in. each of us has been contaminated by the history of this text. rational cancer management like augmented terror hovering in the form.

01.05.06

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## **CONTAGION OF THE TEXT**

by the internal logic of your agenda, not mine, even the ghosts of the fucking saints are on trial for crimes against your wallet, mythologies on parade to train your dendrites to a trellis. before your double mirror the naked skeletons stand aside you, inside sinews propaganda and askew, so



such you seem and renew since lies reside before you, silence rides the  
lamb and no such much again in innocence. since ceptions outset,  
themselves inside us, towards intention against itself, i have become the  
contagion of the text. i don't like it any more than you do. i and eye for a  
tooth in the teeth unto recant, or mix the muddled saddles, i can't forget  
the slant, slopes up behind and scuffles in my mutter, shudder to think  
and stutter forth in twos, paired again against our froth and plex. both  
extrudes external logics reinforced to fork twin fathoms foresight. no blem  
nor crinkled fish implores the skin to seep. clump forward inner text to  
entrance opens sleep.

01.09.06

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## **PROLEGOMENA TO A MANIFEASTO**

folks are worried about privacy and surveillance, like the thought-police  
want to read our minds. they don't want to read our minds. they want to  
write our minds.

01.08.06

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## **MANIFEASTO**

- 1 - improvisational pleasure, or serendipity.
- 2 - the spell of correct spelling is the spell of correctness.
- 3 - correctness as ideology insists on homogenized experience.
- 4 - civilization is afraid of democracy.
- 5 - thinking is subjective.
- 6 - consensus as ideology is an acquired taste for imposed delusions.
- 7 - democracy, or thinking, is opposed to pragmatism and utility. it destabilizes the economic model of human interaction.
- 8 - correctness confines and truncates thinking.
- 9 - the economic model of human interaction requires the homogenization of experience.
- 10 - a fine first step - disable the spell check capability.

01.10.06

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